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OR,
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

For the American Athenæum.

THE ITINERANT—No. III.

My last muse was so gravely given, that I would fain let her influence evaporate before I sat down to court the favours of another. To this effect I sallied forth, amid the bustle of carts and carriage-wheels, and the busy throng of Chatham-street, to endeavour if I could find out something new in the character of the inhabitants of this sublunary sphere. A poor author, indifferently dressed, in an old-fashioned coat of striped seirsucker, was not an object calculated to call forth either respect or consideration. I was hustled here, and jolted there, nor cared for by any one; and I felt all the better for it. The man who passes through the world attracting the least notice to himself, has a far better opportunity of observing characters, than he who, mixing in the bustle, loses his discerning powers in the tide that hurries him in its fleet channels to the end of his career.

The clouds were assuming a threatening appearance, and I began to entertain fears that the issue of my speculation would be a wet jacket, when I found myself before Dick Marlow's door. Dick is a lawyer, a clever kind of fellow, with whose name you must be content, for there is nothing about him worthy of notice. I entered, and having accommodated myself with a seat, made some remarks on the weather, as an apology for my intrusion; and I don't know but I might have amused myself with a volume of old Blackstone, for want of a better, but for what I shall now relate.

I had observed an old man sawing wood in the street, and as I always stop to scrutinize old men's faces, it struck me that there was something extraordinary about him; his bald forehead, high and ample, the quick gray eye that kept constantly moving, told of a mind above the petty every-day occurrences of life; yet how to reconcile these appearances with his actual situation, was beyond my capacity; I therefore determined to see more of him, and, if possible, get at his history. On entering Marlow's house I asked him if he knew the old wood sawyer, or if he had seen him before? He, however, knew nothing of him—yet fortune favoured me this time to the extent of my wishes, and the shower, which I was about to condemn as interfering with my pursuit, aided me most effectually in the attainment of my object. As the rain was falling heavily, the old man asked Marlow's permission to take shelter in his office, which was readily granted. He had scarcely

seated himself ere he observed a flute upon the table, with which he proposed beguiling the time of our confinement; we were struck with the singularity of the man's offer, and consented; yet we did not expect more than an old fifer's tune. Imagine our surprise on having our ears saluted with the sweetest melody, and most masterly execution. It was enough.—“You were not born for drudgery, old man!” I exclaimed; “when were ever before such opposites combined? Favour us with your history, and you shall not go unrewarded. (I forgot I had not a shilling in my pocket.) It cannot but be interesting, and may perhaps be instructive.”

“Instructive it is,” he replied, “and its interest will not be diminished by its having occurred in a foreign land: man's manners, his language, his thoughts may be different, but his ends are every where the same; nor are the means of attainment frequently dissimilar. My story is short; there was but one act that turned my fortune, and sunk me from affluence to poverty—yet am I content.”

“I was born of affluent parents, who lived in Bohemia; my father was a man of talents, and could command some influence; nothing interesting occurred in my life until I had reached my twenty-third year; in the intermediate time I had received the best education the country afforded, and was master of several accomplishments. I then entered the army, having always had a partiality for the military life. Alas! how mistaken are they who think to purchase joy, and pleasure, and happiness by the sacrificing of their fellow-beings, or that true glory is valued by the number of lives it has cost in its acquirement!

“I had been five years serving under the banners of my king, and had attained by my conduct, and the knowledge I had evinced of my profession, a full share of consideration. About this time our division was stationed on the river Iser, near the city of Brunzlau; the officers communicated freely with the town, and I did not frequently see the camp for a week together; a circumstance so unusual with me, was occasioned by a female to whom I had become attached. She was possessed of great beauty, and a lively conversation. I flattered myself that my passion was reciprocated.—Poor, deluded wretch, how was I mistaken! One evening observed the general officer of my regiment at her house, and could clearly perceive how ungracious my presence was to him: the dark scowl that hung over his eyes fully explained his feelings. You will, however, feel convinced how little I regarded them. The next morning I received an order from the same of-

ficer to repair immediately to my regiment: this was too much—I wrote him a line defying him to combat—the coward refused, had me arrested, and locked in irons, for disobeying his orders.

“In this situation I continued for several months, holding intercourse with no human being. Soon after I effected my escape, assuming various disguises, for the pursuit after me was vigorous. I succeeded in reaching Hamburg, whence I took my passage for America, being obliged to work it over. My father had died during my confinement, and the property was seized by my brother. I arrived here without money, and what is worse, knew no one. I attempted to take advantage of my accomplishments for a livelihood; but when was ever a poor unknown stranger encouraged by the rich? I was reduced to the last extremity before I could bring my mind to a condition fit for the accomplishment of my intentions; with my last dollar I bought a saw, and have since continued to follow the occupation at which you find me. Far happier do I now find myself, than when the pomp and splendour of worldly shows were around me; and when I retire to rest, my peace of mind compensates for every deprivation that I have sustained.”

He concluded with another breathing of melody from the flute. The sky had cleared, he resumed his occupation, and I my walk: my reflections now took a different turn, I no longer sought after characters; I had found what I had before thought the world did not contain—a perfectly happy man—and that man a wood-sawyer. Look down, ye proud sons of ostentation and wretchedness, upon him whose story I have related, and acknowledge that, amidst all your trappings, you never enjoy one moment's bliss such as his.

I reached my dwelling, and found for many months I had not enjoyed so felicitous an hour as my afternoon's excursion had procured me. Sweet sympathy, thou balm of our existence! how gently dost thou insinuate thyself into our hearts, to soothe us into calmness, or rouse us to exertion!

I have found a moral in the old man's story, of more value than the combined precepts of all the sages, both ancient and modern, who have attempted to lay down rules for our direction and well-being.—It has given me an example, that to bear with firmness the vicissitudes of life, is to rise above them, on the powers of our intellect, and, like the *Ægis* of old, render futile their every shaft: that when fortune smiles upon us, not to give ourselves up unthinkingly to her favours, but re-

flect that the deity is blind, and that every turn of her wheel may drain to its dregs the cup of our felicity.

I took a hearty supper, such as it was, went to bed, and dreamt of flutes, and old men, and happiness, until morning, when I awoke to undergo the adventure which I will relate in my next. PROTEUS.

LE MOULINET—NO. THE LAST.

In my last number, I took an abrupt leave of my reader, just as I had commenced the interesting process of analysing two personages, well known in the higher circles of the first ward. The MILL moved slowly and heavily, from which I was led to suspect that I had selected for the present experiment a couple of pretty *'hard characters.'* The phenomena attending the process, were also remarkable and instructive. Without mentioning the strange mixture of sounds which saluted my ears, the scenery and imagery were of themselves sufficient to arrest my whole attention. The illusion was so complete, that for a few moments I fancied myself in a front box of a theatre, where the orchestra were playing a most abominable overture, at the conclusion of which the curtain appeared to rise, and the two following scenes were represented—

A long room appeared stored full of butts and pipes; while at a writing desk, in a little counting-room adjoining, sat the man of *candour* with a clerk at his elbow. The latter was soon dispatched with a letter, and had scarcely disappeared, when the sober water drinking merchant took down a proof-glass with which he half filled a tumbler with a red liquor, from the bung-hole of one of the casks—to this he added about the same quantity of water—and raised the glass to his lips, just as the scene changed to the interior of an elegant mansion, in the lower part of the city.

A lady, dressed in black, now appeared, seated by a table, on which a female servant was laying the cloth for supper.—Although divested of that puritanical expression which struck me so forcibly at the tea-party, I found no difficulty in recognising the pious Mrs. Meekly. The clerk before mentioned entered with a letter, which she perused with apparent satisfaction, and the bearer was dismissed with a verbal answer. The lady then advanced to a mirror, before which she adjusted her head-dress, with the most scrupulous exactness, and then, taking up a book, seated herself on the sofa in a negligent, fascinating attitude. The merchant next entered, took a seat by her side, and during the temporary absence of the maid, embraced the mistress with the most fervent Christian affection. I cannot swear that their lips exactly met; but I saw him wipe his own, as if some of the fragrant particles which might have adhered to hers, had exchanged places.—The attendant re-entered, and both were instantly grave and formal. Supper was introduced, of which both partook, moistened occasionally with copious draughts

of wine. The cloth was removed—the servant dismissed—and—the whole scene vanished from my view. I found myself in my study. The analysing process was completed—the MILL had stopped.

On carefully examining the contents of the drawer, I found the following to be the result of the experiment—taking 100 for the maximum:—

Self-love	- - - 40	Learning	- - - 2
Egotism	- - - 24	Honesty	- - - 1
Hypocrisy	- - - 25	Other virtues	0
Cupidity	- - - 8		100

'And is it possible!' I exclaimed, as I threw myself on one of Jackson's patent elastic hair mattresses—(for I am no friend of feathers at this season of the year)—'Is it possible that Vice can thus successfully assume the garb of Virtue! Those people are admitted into the best of society, and are universally caressed as patterns of morality—as saints in religion. I agree with Wiseacre, that the concealment of their crimes is a benefit to society, as it lessens the aggregate of pernicious example; but their gratuitous professions and hypocritical cant—'

This was the last word I recollected of uttering, as my senses gradually yielded to the irresistible influence of the drowsy god. But though my body became quiescent, those wonderful faculties which constitute the soul remained in full vigour and operation, and seemed endowed with more than ordinary activity: an unanswerable truth that the soul is not material.

Methought I stood upon the summit of an exceeding high mountain, which commanded a prospect so extensive, that the whole course of the grand Western Canal, with all its locks, &c. was included in the compass of a single view. On looking more closely, I perceived that it was thickly covered with boats of various forms and sizes, no two being exactly alike, each one designated by a different coloured flag, but all sailing eastwardly, occasionally stopping to discharge or take in freight.

On extending my view more westwardly, my attention was arrested by a large placid sheet of water, which I took to be Lake Erie, overspread with innumerable little boats, all steering directly for the mouth of the Canal, but many of them suddenly disappearing, and never reaching it. On the prow of each was perched an artificial bird, of some particular species; but so unlimited seemed the number, I have no doubt that the every different family of the whole feathered creation was accurately represented by some one of this numerous fleet. As each boat approached the basin, which formed the mouth of the Canal, the bird on its prow gradually became animated, fluttered its wings, and at length flew ahead of the boat, to which it seemed attached by a silken cord.

On entering the Canal, a roll containing every necessary instruction for the voyage, was handed to the supercargo of

each boat, who generally threw it carelessly aside, while his whole attention seemed engrossed by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which was indeed peculiarly inviting. The country, on every side, appeared to be most agreeably diversified with hills and vallies, corn-fields and orchards, farm-houses and villages. Extensive meadows, enamelled with the sweetest wild flowers, lay upon the right; while on the left were sloping lawns, shady groves, verdant pastures, and meandering streams. The boats glided smoothly along, in rapid succession, without any visible conductor, except the birds, which, like the doves of Venus, seemed to draw them forward on the lucid turnpike.

But even in this pleasant part of the route, many of the frail barques were much injured, or entirely shattered to pieces, by sudden and unexpected concussions against piers, bridges, &c.; and many others sunk, without any apparent cause. Some received injuries in ascending the locks; while others appeared to acquire new strength and beauty by surmounting the same obstacles. After passing the second lock, the mode of travelling was changed—a horse was led on shore from each boat, who drew it the remainder of the journey.

While I stood gazing on this extraordinary scene, a man of grave aspect and dignified deportment, approached me—who, after a slight inclination of his head, thus accosted me:—

'Thou seemest surprised at the scene before thee!'

'I am, indeed, sir; for though I have heard much of Clinton's grand Canal, I have never before had the satisfaction of seeing it; and had formed, I find, a very erroneous conception of it. If you, sir, are not a stranger in these parts, oblige me with some explanation?'

'Willingly. It was for this purpose that I have ascended the mountain. But first let me undeceive you in one very important point—what thou seest is not the grand Canal of New-York.'

'Not the grand canal!'

'No. That which is here presented to thy view, is the course of *human life*, extending from the placid lake of infancy, to the river of old age, which empties into the ocean of eternity. Take this glass; use it as I shall direct, and thou mayest obtain instruction.

'Extend thy view yonder, to the lake of Infancy, which thou seest is covered with millions of little vessels, just set afloat upon its placid bosom, an emblem of the first stage of human existence, from the birth to the completion of seven years. During this brief but interesting period, immense numbers become invisible to the human eye, finding a shorter passage to the happy isles in the ocean of eternity, than that which leads over the rugged mountains of life. This fact is represented by the disappearance of so many of the little barques, while steering for the basin which forms the entrance of the Canal.

'At the age of seven, the juvenile intellect, represented by an artificial bird, begins to exhibit symptoms of life and animation; and affords some trifling assistance (under parental authority) in directing the course and conduct of its possessor. The exhaustless stores of literature are now thrown open for his use, and instruction of all kinds offered for his acceptance. Among others, the precepts of religion are put into his hand, to govern and direct him in the voyage of life. But they are too often neglected until a much later period.

'The intellect continues to expand and increase in strength, until the age of manhood, when the matured understanding is supposed to be capable of directing the future conduct of its possessor. This is represented by the boats being drawn by horses, after passing the second lock.—Some understandings are directed by truth, others governed by passion; which is typified in some of those horses being carefully led by experienced grooms, while others are continually deviating from the tow-path, frightened by the various animals on board the boats. The ills and difficulties of life are represented by the bridges, tunnels, locks, &c. which some pass in safety, while others are carelessly dashed against them, when truth and reason resign the reins to passion.'

My monitor paused, and I continued to gaze on the scene in silent wonder. At length I spoke.

'I perceive that the deck of every boat is divided into two compartments, the most forward one of which, including the mast and rigging, is filled and covered with birds and fowls of every size and description; while the other is occupied by beasts and reptiles. What instruction can I derive from this circumstance?'

'The winged animals,' replied he, 'represent the various fleeting thoughts of the understanding, as the beasts and reptiles do the various inclinations and affections of the will. Confine thy attention, for a few moments, to that boat with a green flag, which has just passed the second lock. On her deck thou perceivest but few animals, and those mostly of the docile kind. But do not imagine there are none on board of a different description; for these boats all commence their voyage with a full freight of such animals from the menagerie of hereditary evil;—the grand object of the whole voyage being to subdue their ferocity, teach them to be useful, and then exchange them for flocks, herds, &c. which are to be taken to the happy isles. For this alone is that roll of instructions given to every supercargo—informing him what to do, and how to do it.

'During the first part of the voyage, however, the vicious animals generally remain asleep in the hold, waking up in succession, and appearing on deck as the bark proceeds. It then becomes the duty of the supercargo to commence his mode of discipline immediately, for it is contrived by the owner, that when this task is

once earnestly commenced, they will ascend no faster than they can be managed and tamed.

'The birds and fowls, with which one part of the deck and the rigging is covered, formed no part of the original cargo, but fly on board promiscuously, and are, you perceive, incessantly coming and going. Any particular species, however, can be driven away, or invited back, by the supercargo at pleasure. But instead of consulting his roll on the subject, he is carelessly amusing himself with some frivolous employment, while his deck and rigging are becoming tenanted with the most pernicious animals. Would he examine his instructions, which lie rolled up at his feet, he would find a prediction of, and a caution against, this fatal error, in words like these:—"The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there." "The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it." "It shall be a habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island."

'But why?' asked I, 'does he not close the hatches, and confine the wild beasts in the hold until he arrives at the port of destination. His calves and lambs would then be safe from their ferocity.'

'That would defeat the sole object of the voyage, which I have before explained,' replied my mentor, 'for nothing savage or unclean is admitted at the happy isles. Every vessel that enters the great ocean with such a cargo, finds a very different destination. But fix thy eyes on the vessel, and observe in silence.'

I did as I was directed, and watched the progress of the boat with a green flag, until it had passed the fourth and fifth locks; and, notwithstanding continual warnings and admonitions from the shore, the supercargo still appeared ignorant of his danger, and unmindful of his duty. In the mean time, almost every innocent animal had either been devoured, or driven from deck, by the ferocious monsters who had now obtained complete and undisturbed possession. To every exhortation the infuriated wretch carelessly replied, "They are completely under my control—I can confine them whenever I please." But, alas! he deferred the attempt until it was too late. He never reached the Happy Isles.

'What ought he to have done,' I asked with a sigh, 'to avert so disastrous a fate?'

'Look at yonder boat, with a blue flag, and thou shalt be instructed.'

I looked, and saw a bark which had just ascended the second lock, and was drawn by a noble horse. The supercargo had his instructions carefully spread on the table, which he consulted as occasion required. After every consultation he instantly proceeded to the deck, to put his lessons in practice, by separating and arranging the various animals into their respective classes. Those which were too fierce and ungovernable to be subdued

and tamed, in order to be made useful, were confined in strong cages, and sold to the villagers for public shows, or bartered for tame and useful animals. Those which he succeeded in taming or domesticating, were applied to useful purposes on board the boat, or else exchanged in a similar manner, to bear burthens or propel machinery on shore. In the discharge of these duties, I observed that the supercargo was often disturbed and interrupted by the fluttering of unclean birds about his head; but by practice and perseverance he soon acquired the art of discarding the vicious, and retaining the good; until, at length, none would approach him but those of the most delightful plumage and exquisite melody. As he proceeded, his duties became less arduous—then easy—next pleasant—and finally, delightful. At every village he made some profitable trade, even in bartering the ballast from the hold. For stones he received iron; and for wood he received brass. He afterwards sold his iron for silver, and his brass for gold.* All this was apparently done from his own wisdom, and by his own powers; but he continually acknowledged that such was not the case. The grand object of the voyage was now completed;—he floated sweetly down the stream of time, dispersing good on every side, and reached the Happy Isles in safety.

Not so the next adventurer to which my attention was directed. He sat in the most conspicuous situation in the stern of his boat, continually poring over his roll of instructions, without ever putting one of its precepts in practice. None but clean and useful animals appeared upon his deck; but on closer inspection I discovered they were all *artificial*, carved in wood, and stone. By the help of my glass, I discovered that his hatches were carefully closed on a den of ferocious beasts and venomous reptiles; while, beneath an awning, vainly invented for concealment, I beheld multitudes of the most hideous birds, such as owls, bats, vultures, &c.—The supercargo still appeared to be studying his roll, but on shifting the position of my telescope, I plainly perceived that he was examining a *Boston Price Current*!

'This man,' said my monitor, 'has trimmed his vessel to be seen of men. Verily, I say unto you, he shall have his reward.' At this moment I unfortunately awoke, and found myself on the floor, at some distance from my mattress. The sun had risen, and, as usual, I looked around for my MILL—it was not to be found, and I have never seen it since!—Perhaps it has been all a dream!

WALTER WITLESS.

* See Isaiah, LX. 17.

EPITAPH.

Here rests my spouse—no pair thro' life
So equal lived as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

MY UNCLE FROM THE COUNTRY.

LET not my readers smile, nor consider my Uncle as my uncle at the corner of the street, the great uncle of many poor relations: nor as my invisible, unsubstantial uncle, Duke Humphry, with whom a man dines (as Pat says) when he dines nowhere; nor my uncle whom we go to visit, to be out of the way, when necessity requires it; no, nor as the many uncles whose nephews and nieces are the very copies and *fac-similes* of their features, old bachelor uncles who look very like *family* men, and who are the grave resemblances in kindness, but not in countenance, of young ladies' cousins, very *unlike* in appearance, and who ought to be discountenanced altogether in lodging-houses, at watering-places, and in prudent society. The old gentleman of whom I shall say a few words, is a *bona fide* uncle, as honest as my Uncle Toby, and as simple, but not as renowned—being Samuel Strangeways' gentleman, (for the esquire he laughs at, since gentlemen trade-folks have taken it up as they do the fashions, to turn to account.) Mr. Strangeways is passionately fond of the "Divini gloria ruris," and is as decidedly jealous and fearful of the tricks of the town, which he seldom visits, and from which he always returns more and more astonished and disgusted, having some new story of the depravity of the age to relate to his neighbour, Ben Blackthorne, the great farmer, and to Mr. Morpheus the vicar, and to the dapper little Dr. Doallthings, surgeon, druggist, dentist, accoucheur, &c. &c. at the corner of the village. "No tricks upon travellers," is an old phrase; but, to believe my honest Uncle, tricks are practised on travellers daily; the very papers, he says, are full of impositions. As I may have to mention my Uncle hereafter, I shall only now name a few of the *improvements*, though he does not consider them such, which he has met with on his last half-yearly trip to touch the interest of money placed in certain investments. The daily advertisements, (he assures his triumvirate of friends, who are *fixtures* in the country,) are such as to make it impossible for a man, now o' days, to use his own words, to know what he eats and drinks, or how he sleeps; for bread is not bread, but alum, chalk, potatoes, and salt; beer is a chymical and comical preparation to tickle the palate, to promote thirst, and to fill the head with heaviness and obnubilation. Wine is another drug, as artfully, but more pleasantly made up. French cookery has decked out our tables in a masquerade dress: and the hair-dressers, perfumers, corset-makers, and quacks, can now so dress up the interior and exterior, that baldness, blindness, deformity, gray hairs, age, and ugliness, are no longer defects. Mrs. Brown in the morning, may be Mrs. Gray at night; and the bright eye at the theatre, may be a *fixed star*, which goes out on a dressing table; therefore my Uncle insists upon it, that it is

dangerous to eat, to drink, to marry, or to traffic in any way in these times of deceit and imposition. Scene-shifters and mountebanks now imitate the great in crimes, *exposes*, duels, and law damages: it is, to credit him, completely 'the world turned upside down.' But many of the matters of his marvel and reprobation arise from his own misconception, and from hoaxes played upon him; such as my cousin in the army inviting him to accompany him to a Sunday school, which was no other than a nocturnal assemblage of the gay world at Mrs. Lackrent's house on that night, to a *conversazione*, and to play at *ecarte*—which my Uncle calls keeping an evening class to learn to lie, backbite, and cheat—too bad this, in my Uncle!—and so impressed was he with the idea that it was called a Sunday school, that the next day, on reading an advertisement respecting a society established for the education of *female Greeks*, he swore that it was an opposition establishment to her ladyship's; and gravely observed, that the town had long been overrun by male Greeks, but that the addition of the other sex would complete our misery. Here my Uncle turned funny, and indulged in the puny wit of punning—the attic salt of many a feast with the vicar, farmer, and merry apothecary. Very gloomy respecting the immorality of Mrs. Lackrent's *soiree*, and at the loss of a five pound note at *ecarte*; convinced that the education of female Greeks would be more destructive than the outrages and massacres of the barbarous Turks; my Uncle followed two men, and overheard a conversation which decided him on leaving the town the next day. One of the men was relating to his companion his various misfortunes, disappointments, and the modes by which he had been duped. He had been fleeced at play; my Uncle secured his pockets, for dishonesty and desperation he considered as the followers of folly and prodigality. He had tried the lottery. 'The fellow's a fool,' muttered my uncle. He had attempted an insolvency, but had met with opposition, and had compromised the concern. 'More knave than fool,' said my Uncle to himself. 'Were you never in business?' inquired the listener to this doleful tale. 'Oh yes!' replied the never-do-well, 'I set up twice, but did not succeed.' 'A bankruptcy,' slyly observed one. 'To be sure I failed; but I made little or nothing by it.' 'Make money by a bankruptcy!' indignantly exclaimed my uncle. 'Oh the nefarious transactions of the age; what a pretty pass we are come to!' But they continued talking, and it was necessary to listen and learn. 'Did you never try a fire?' gouth the oldest of the two. 'Why, I was thinking of that, but I never tried it yet,' answered the younger—old, enough in iniquity, if not in years. My Uncle could contain himself no longer; 'an incendiary by all that's bad!—A fire indeed! What an article for home consumption! Arson!' muttered he in a rage, and off he flew as if

the demon was behind him. 'The devil is in town!' was once more repeated—with which he packed up his portmanteau, writing-desk, and carpet-bag, and booked himself for the mail, emptying his pockets of quack medicine bills, and crying arson, all the while; a pretty piece of assurance indeed! He, however, with all his love for truth and honesty, plain dealing and reality, thought proper to purchase a spring wig, and to fix a false tooth in the front of his mouth, with which to return smiling to his country friends.

THE BELLE'S DIARY.

(THE belle to her footman :) "James, make haste, away with these breakfast things; it is past two, and (looking in the glass) send Mademoiselle Tulle (her waiting woman) to me. I must dress to go out, and I am sure I shall be too late for my appointment at three; (to Mademoiselle) Victorine, I look odious to-day; bring me the last *blouse* which came from Paris; or, no—the cambric dress, trimmed with Brussels lace, made a *la verge*; but no—I forgot, my aunt, Lady Bashara, has only been dead three weeks—how shocking! and I can't go out of mourning yet: well now, go up stairs and dress me. Oh, ye powers! nine billets on the table—who's to read them? Ask Morrison to come up and run them over whilst I dress; but no—there may be a secret correspondence, I must read them myself; one from my dress-maker—shan't read it—it's a dun—two invitations from city people, always engaged—lady Goldmine's *at home*, a frump, must go for ten minutes—one dinner, one concert, two 'will do themselves the honour to attend my next *soiree*,' and one billet-deux—a fool of a fellow, but will hoax him. Gracious me! why it is four o'clock, and I am not half dressed, and I have a dozen of visits to make, Miss Modish to take up, (to whom I had much rather give a *set down*,) the Park to look at, my appointment to keep, (which I shall cut and tell an innocent fib about.) Hamel's to call at in Regent-st. tickets to procure for the French theatre, a bill to pay, and the most important of all, to call at Rundell and Bridge's to speak about the new setting of my jewels. Let me see, what can I get rid of? I won't pay the bill—I won't take up Miss Chase, I will send her a kind note to say that I am unwell—I will only pay two visits out of six, and those only after I have seen the people in the Park, so as to be certain of not being let in—I must drive like mad to the city about my jewels, and that I may get all this done by six o'clock, how I shall be put to it for time to dress for dinner; but *n'importe*." The lady stays two hours at the Jeweller's, and a whole hour at Hamel's, looking at different articles; gets to the Park when the company is leaving it; gets out of temper;—pays no bill nor visit; and forgets the kind note to Miss Chase. What terrible reparations stand before her—dinner kept waiting one hour—sends to five places for tickets—too late at play—but arrives by

midnight at one party, and at one at a ball; tired and unwell, comes home at two; twelve hours and a half are passed—what business!—what fatigue!

THE BEAU'S DIARY.

'JOHN, what's all this?' 'Breakfast, sir.' 'I see nothing but coffee.' 'Yes, sir, and bread and butter, and shrimps.' 'All that is vile; let me have a broiled chicken, some stewed mushrooms, a glass of noyeau to begin, and any thing else which you may think on. Now, let me see, why here is a table covered over with bills and letters; throw half of them in the fire: my head aches infernally; I cannot attend to them; burn the bills, and put the letters in the drawer, I will look at them at my leisure: that noyeau is too sweet, it would ruin my stomach give me a glass of brandy; see how my hand shakes; I think I could eat a bit of ham and a French roll: make the coffee, and let it be strong and clear; my head is in an agony; the champagne which I took at Long's has disagreed with me; give me a nervous pill; has any one called to day?' (John,) 'Yes, sir, William.'—'Who?' 'Why the parlour is full of people, and the hall too; in the first place there's your coach-maker, and next there's the young gentleman from Cambridge, and your tailor, and Mr. Manton, and Mr. Hoby, and—' 'Prithee, John, get rid of them all; let Manton be off like a shot—tell him I will call on him to-day, which I certainly will not; ditto to Mr. Hoby and the coach-maker; desire the tailor to come again in two hours, and take care to have my horses ready half an hour before, that I may be out when he comes; my compliments to the young gentleman, and say that I am too ill to see him, but will meet him at the club,' (John,) 'Then, sir, there's Whiteheaded Bob.' 'Oh, I know what he comes about—it's to tell me that I have lost my money at the fight, which, by the bye, was a cross; there's no trusting any one now-a-days; say to him that I will look in at the Fives' Court at four o'clock, but that, at present, my hand is not steady enough to write a check; bring me my tablets: by Jove, I shall never be able to do half these things—(reads)—to inquire for K. Y., who lends money on personal security, and exchanges acceptances for noblemen and gentlemen—ought to be there at three—the hour has struck—will take a hackney-coach, and drive there like the devil: a bill to take up in the city; will have my cattle meet me at the United Service Club, and ride full speed to Tattersal's, for I must push the sale of my horses, and watch the bidding of my stud groom; call in at the New Club, having promised to black-ball a fellow; two appointments—won't keep either; a dog to buy for Lady Mary—that must be done; a box to hire for the opera; Harriet Wilson's Memoirs to look over whilst dressing—hope she has not named me—don't care a d—n if she has—notoriety is the go—but then it makes one look old, her

day being past: four apologies and two puts-off to write—shall make my butler do it for me—the fellow writes a good hand, which is more than his master does; to dine in Harley-street, get to the opera by eleven, and to look in at a party:—well, if I do half this, I shall be tired enough.' The beau performs half of his task; comes home at two in the morning jaded and low spirited; has lost his cash at play; he smokes a cigar in order to render himself drowsy, and then repairs to bed. Is this not making a toil of pleasure? Had he been forced by nature of an office or employment to drive about thus, thus to go from place to place—to have his rest broken, his time so fully taken up, he would complain bitterly of the hardship of his case; but pride feels no pain; and it was essential to his place in the circle of fashion to be seen at Tattersal's, at the Club, at the Fives' Court, in the Park, at the Opera and Route, all in the same day; he must run after money to support all this, and lose it when borrowed, for good breeding sake. *O tempora! O mores!!*

REVIEW.

'EPITAPHS FROM THE ITALIAN.*

POETRY is divided into three great classes; namely, moral, sentimental, and satirical. The moral is that which has for its aim and object the inculcation of some important principle or truth; to accomplish which, it employs all the graces of eloquence, and all the charms of refinement, and, keeping its great end steadily in view, uses the embellishments of fancy and the skill and experience of the writer, to give to it, in the result, the most impressive and prevailing effect. Sentimental poetry is that which expresses the feelings of the heart, and the milder imaginings of the soul; and comprises the tender, romantic, and fanciful. The kinds of verse which are called satirical are those which represent some moral truth by the ironical figures of speech, or attack with bold and open invective the vices and follies of the age, and other matters liable to ridicule: and to these may be added the epigrammatic poetry. As a great example of the first, we might adduce Cowper; of the second, Moore is perhaps the best instance; and of the third, in its higher classes, Pope, and, for the rest, any witling who writes epigrams.

Poetry is also distinguished, by the different effects it produces on the minds of its readers, into various kinds, as the sublime, the beautiful, and the amusing. Every thing grand, wild, or terrible, generates emotions of a corresponding nature, and is called sublime: hence, poetry, which awakens in the mind the nobler and more powerful feelings, receives the same appellation. The soft and gentle images of the minstrel's fancy, the tender sensations, and all the pleasing remembrances and anticipations, when expressed in measure, are designated beautiful poetry. The third class comprises whatever excites the mirth of the reader, by its ingenuity of satire, its pointed ridicule, or its humour.

Having thus explained our ideas of poetry, we proceed to the article in question. To examine minutely each division of it, would occupy more

time, than we have power or inclination to spare, and more space, than the editor of the *Athenæum*, or his readers, would choose to allow us. We shall therefore select that one which we consider not only to be the best, but to offer the fairest opening for criticism.

And first, we will premise, that the piece which we have chosen is entitled, "On a magistrate," a cognomen which we conceive to be entirely useless, as the article itself, of course, sufficiently shows the purpose for which it was intended. Some may say, that we might as well dispense with the title of every book, for the same reason; but we answer, no; there being several books within our knowledge, the intent or meaning of which no mortal could discover, but for their names. The article before us, however, is subject to no such objection, as our readers shall judge.

The piece commences thus:

"*Alceus here lies buried,*"

Where shall we find a better example of compact, concise, yet comprehensive biography? In four words, it says, this man was born; passed through all the vicissitudes of life, its joy and wo, its blessings, cares, and sorrows; died, and was buried, where he now rests, in happy unconsciousness, that his very memory is haply forgotten by all whom he held dear on earth. What a volume of eventful existence is here opened for inspection! What a field for the excursions of fancy! But we forbear to enlarge.

Of the next passage,

"*And let each malefactor,*"

we have little to say. It seems to be merely a kind of preface to what follows.

"*Come pay the last sad tribute—*"

Here, let us pause: what person, possessed of a musical ear, will not congratulate himself, and all literature, on the prospect, that the vulgar grammar of Lindley Murray will soon be exploded! The last *North American Review* complains of the insertion of commas at the cæsural pauses: what would the editor say, could he look forward with daily-brightening hope, to the hour, when all commas would be dispensed with? Murray would have inserted two of these points in the line last quoted; because, forsooth, a conjunction which connects words is omitted, and two adjectives, unconnected in senses are placed together. What an injury to euphony this would have been, we need not explain to the discriminating reader.

This slight sketch has already swelled so much, that we cannot point out the particular beauties of the remaining passages.

"*Unto his benefactor;*"

but we must conclude with a few general observations, after presenting the poem in connexion:

"*Alceus here lies buried;
And let each malefactor
Come pay the last sad tribute
Unto his benefactor.*"

We shall notice, in few words, what strikes us as remarkable in the above elegant translation. First: Its lines are all closed with double endings; a modern invention, but a great improvement, and peculiarly adapted to solemn poetry. Secondly: The rhymes of the second and fourth lines are the most perfect in the language; for what sounds can be more similar, than those of *malefactor* and *benefactor*? Thirdly: Taken as a whole, it is the clearest and least ambiguous poem we ever met with. QUIDAM.

* United States Literary Gazette, of July 1.

MISCELLANY.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SCRIPTURES.

WHEN Woodward, the actor, resided in Dublin, about the year 1760, a mob one morning beset the parliament house in that city, in order to prevent the members of it from passing an unpopular bill.—Such as were supposed to belong to the court-party experienced the grossest insults; and some of the ringleaders, thinking it necessary to make their representatives swear that they would not assent to the bill, surrounded Mr. Woodward's house, in College-Green, and called repeatedly to the family to throw them a bible from the window. Mrs. Woodward was greatly alarmed at the request; unluckily, not having at the time such a book in her possession. Her husband, however, in the midst of her agitation, snatched up, with great presence of mind, a volume of Shakspeare's plays, which, tossing out of the dining-room window, he told the insurgents they were welcome to. Upon this, they gave him three cheers; and the ignorant rabble administered their oath to several of the Irish senators upon the works of our old English bard, which was afterwards returned by them, in safety, to the owner.

CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE.

To meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties most endearing, benevolent Providence hath wisely mingled in the cup of sorrow, drops of a sweet and soothing nature. If, when the burst of passion dies away; if, when the violence of grief abates, rectitude of conduct and just feeling be possessed, recollection points not the arrow of misfortune, it adds not to the horrors of guilt; no, it gives birth to sensations the most pleasing, sweet, though full of sorrow and melancholy, yet delightful, which soften and calm the mind, which heal and pour balm into the wounded spirit. The man whose efforts have been liberal and industrious, deserving though unfortunate, whom poverty and oppression, whom calumny and ingratitude have brought low, feels, whilst conscious innocence dilates his breast, that secret gratulation, that self-approving, and that honest pride, which fits him to sustain the pangs of want and of neglect; he finds, amid the bitterest misfortune, that virtue still can whisper peace and comfort, and can bid the wretched smile. Thus, even where penury and distress put on the sternest features, and when the necessities of life are, with difficulty procured, even here are found those dear emotions which arise from purity of thought and action; emotions from whose influence no misery can take away, from whose claim to possession no tyrant can detract; which the guilty, being deprived of, sicken and despair; and which, he who holds fast, is comparatively blest.

But where the mind has been liberally and elegantly cultivated, where much sensibility and strength of passions are present, and the misfortunes occurring, turn upon the loss of some tender and beloved connexions, in this case, what may be called the luxury of grief, is more fully and exquisitely displayed. That mild and gentle sorrow, which, in the bosom of the good and of the feeling, succeeds the strong energies of grief, is of a nature so soothing and grateful, so friendly to the soft emotions of the soul, that those whose friendship or whose love the hand of Heaven has served, delight in the indulgence of reflections which lead to past endearment, which, dwelling on the virtues, the perfections of the dead, breathe the pure spirit of melancholy enthusiasm.

—Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears!
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remember, soothe.

FISHERMAN'S FARE.

THE present pride of Boulogne is an attendant at the baths, a young creature who has spent some years in the coarse employment of bathing women, but whose beauty is so dazzling that she not only surpasses her companions, but may vie with the proudest of the court. Her face is a model of Grecian beauty, not a coarse line about it; it is all softness, refinement—and one may add, dignity. She is called by her friends the Venus de la Mer, from her occupation—and what is most gratifying to add to the praise of her person, her character is irreproachable, her manners gentle and unassuming, though she has been accustomed to flattery enough to turn a wiser girl's head, and assailed with offers to pervert her principles. Genevive, for that is her proper name, says she is now completely happy, as she has been lately married, after five years' attachment, to a jolly young fisherman of the port. She bathed the English ladies to give them an appetite, while he fished John Dories to indulge it, until they made up a little purse sufficient to pay the wedding finery—the indispensable broad gold pendants for the ears, and a bridal dinner. She is 20 and her husband 25: they are admitted to be the finest couple in Boulogne. She still continues her humble duties at the baths, while he takes his turn out to sea—one of the happiest young fishermen in the world.

THE DUELLIST—A FRAGMENT.

It was not very late when Sidney returned home, and Clara had not retired to rest. The pale and haggard looks of her husband alarmed her—but he said he felt fatigued and wanted rest, and that after he had written a letter, which was necessary, he should go to bed; but he intreated

her to leave him, and seek that repose of which he felt assured she was so much in need. His manner to her was particularly kind and tender, and several times he was on the point of soliciting her forgiveness for the unmerited treatment she had received from him, but was withheld by his dread of alarming her, as he thought she would suspect he had some motive for his unusual condescension. When she had left the apartment, Sidney had leisure to reconsider the events which had passed that evening. He blamed his own precipitation, and deplored the excess of passion into which he had allowed himself to be transported. The sudden death which perhaps awaited him, in a few short hours, and the overwhelming agony of Clara on being informed of it, presented itself to his imagination. To dwell on it, however, was useless: he had given his word, which he could not retract without being branded with the name of coward, and by the laws of honour he was bound to fulfil his engagement. He cast his eyes round the apartment, and sighed as he beheld the various little articles of Clara's taste and skill in drawing. He had never before viewed them with so much interest, but now—perhaps he gazed on them for the last time. Opposite to the chair where he sat hung the portrait of Clara. He took the light to examine it—it had been taken by the express desire of her father, in the days of their happiness, before he felt any symptom of the disease that had terminated his existence, and Clara was there represented in the first freshness and innocence of her maiden beauty. "She is indeed sadly changed," said he; "all is gone save the whiteness of her brow, and the same gentle and sweet expression which renders her countenance so interesting and attractive.—Oh, that we had never met! At least, that it had never been our fate to marry. She might then have bloomed on, the same fair and fragrant flower, and I have been at liberty to gaze on her loveliness without my present bitter pangs of self-reproach." Sidney put down the light, and walked in a perturbed manner up and down the apartment; but his eye fell on an elegant work-box of Clara's which he had himself given her. He could not, in his present mood, resist the temptation he felt to view its contents, for even the most minute articles belonging to her he was about to part from, now possessed a double value. The contents were all arranged with the utmost neatness: there was a small parcel wrapped in paper, and tied round with a blue ribbon, lying in one corner, which soon attracted his attention. He undid the covering, and perceived the parcel to consist of a quantity of his own notes and letters to Clara, previously to their marriage. "And does Clara still think these trifles worth preserving so carefully?" said Sidney, as he replaced them. "I may not look at them, for, alas! how ill have I fulfilled the promises and protestations with which I won her gentle heart, and which in these let-

ters are so lavishly poured forth." Sidney sat down; for this proof of the affection which Clara entertained for him, overpowered him with remorse. The fatal meeting that must take place on the morrow sounded in his ears as the death knell that would for ever separate him from Clara and from happiness. Not without deep emotion did he think of the world of disembodied spirits, which he might soon join; and of the little concern and consideration he had given to eternal subjects, which now he felt were indeed, of all others, the most important; and that to face death with true tranquillity of heart and resignation of spirit, it is necessary to have an humble confidence and belief in the supporting power of an Almighty yet merciful God.

He sat sometime absorbed in reflection, when he remembered that his long absence would perhaps alarm Clara; and though he felt it impossible to sleep, he resolved to appear to do so, as he much wished that she might not observe his departure, fearful that her questions would occasion the betrayal of his agitation, which he wished to hide from her observation. The morning broke, at length, and Sidney watched the gradual increasing light with intense interest. He was extremely solicitous to avoid disturbing Clara, who appeared sunk in a deep and refreshing sleep. Gently slipping on his clothes, he dared scarcely to breathe, lest he should awaken her. He stole on tip-toe to the side of the bed where she lay, to take, as he thought, perhaps a last look at her. As he stood gazing, Clara smiled in her dream, and Sidney's anguish almost overcame him, when he thought how soon her smile would be changed to tears, when made acquainted with the cause of his absence. He longed to imprint one kiss on her fair cheek, but he refrained—for her sake. His eyes filled with tears, he dared not trust himself to look any longer on the beloved being before him—but rushed from the room in agony. * * *

La Belle Assemblée.

THE DANDY'S CREED.

I believe that a gentleman is any person with a tolerable suit of clothes, and a watch and snuff-box in his pocket.

I believe that Honour means standing fire well; that advice means an affront—and conviction a leaden pill.

I believe that adoration is only due to a fine woman, or her purse: and that a woman can keep one secret—namely, her age.

I believe that my character would be lost beyond redemption if I did not change my dress four times a day, bilk my schneider, wear a Petersham tie, and Patronize Hoby for boots.

I believe that playing at *rouge et noir* is the only honourable way of getting a livelihood: that a man of honour never pays his tradesmen, because "they are a pack of scoundrels;" and that *buying* goods means ordering them without the purpose of paying.

I believe that debt is a necessary evil.

I believe that the word Dress means nakedness in females: that Husband implies a person engaged to pay a woman's debts: that Economy means pusillanimity: that a Coachman is an accomplished nobleman; and that any person talking about decency is a bore.

I believe that there is not a cleverer or prettier fellow on the town than myself; and that as far as regards the women, I am altogether irresistible. *Idem.*

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1825.

TO OUR READERS.

The Athenæum will be edited, after the present number, by DR. JAMES G. PERCIVAL. The original plan of the work will not be changed. It is intended to supply the public with a literary miscellany, partly original and partly selected. There will be something original from the editor in every number, and occasional communications from correspondents may be expected. Interesting articles will be extracted from the literary journals, foreign and domestic; notices of recent works, and dramatic criticisms will be inserted; and, such articles of intelligence as shall be more particularly suited to the general character of the paper. The editor deems it unnecessary to make any farther promises. He holds himself responsible for all that shall appear in these columns, and he trusts the public will consider this a sufficient guarantee that his editorial duties will not be neglected.

The success that has already attended this journal, has induced the publisher to render it still more worthy the patronage of the public, by enlarging it to *twelve pages*. This addition will be made to our next number; for which no other demand will be made in the terms of the work than merely that payments be made quarterly instead of half-yearly, in advance.

A correspondent's request, in behalf of our female readers, shall be attended to so far as is consistent with the objects of the Athenæum.

It will be seen that the present is the last No. of "Le Moulinet." We must do the author the justice of saying, that his numbers have been read with interest, and have afforded to the reader much instruction and amusement. His magic mill has now ceased to grind—but unassisted by that, we know the talents of "WALTER WITLESS" too well to believe that he has not a reservoir of mental instruction, from which he may at all times draw forth a repast for the intelligent. A continuance of his favours will add much to the interest of our readers.

On Tuesday morning we had a refreshing shower, which was followed by another in the afternoon. The atmosphere is now cool, and the fears we had entertained of the prevalence of fevers, have now subsided.

At the present time, while our theatres are closed, the circuses should not be forgotten. Both of them have strong claims to public attention; but we would especially notice the horsemanship of Master La Forest, at the La Fayette circus. Perhaps there never was a superior rider

to this youth—and when we witness his feats, we cannot think that the New-York public have ever seen his equal.

A prospectus of a new daily paper in this city, to be entitled, *The Daily News*, has been issued by Messrs. T. W. Clerke and J. C. Johnson. From the well-known talents of Mr. Clerke, as editor of the *Globe* and *Emerald*, we are confident that a daily journal, under his direction, could not fail to be a valuable acquisition to the commercial community, for whose benefit such journals are peculiarly adapted.

"The Garland, or New General Repository of Fugitive Poetry," edited by G. A. Gamage, has been commenced. All who recollect the beautiful poems signed *Montgarnier*, which have been so extensively circulated, cannot fail of wishing Mr. Gamage success in his present labours.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

July 23.—TOM THUMB and FORTY THIEVES. (Concluded from our last.) The green curtain rose, and immediately in front of the old new drop appeared lords Noodle and Doodle. The bills had announced Noodle to be performed by Simpson, and on the conclusion of the mock tragedy, our neighbour of the tagged-coat and pea-nuts pronounced *that* character to be the only one well supported in the piece; "there is no comic performer on the boards equal to Simpson," vociferated he; "indeed, the Park theatre cannot produce a *general* performer of so much merit; he is the best Noodle, undoubtedly, in the country; I couldn't endure any other in the part." "What fault have you to find with Roberts?" said we; "his Lord Grizzle appears to have been well supported; did you observe his truly lackadaisical face when dying? Hilson hardly communicates more dry drollery to the part." "Hilson! Roberts! compare them with Simpson!" said Peanut, contemptuously; "Sir, they are no actors; they just speak as if they were in common conversation—they don't *try* to make people laugh; when they come on the stage they are as grave and as solid when uttering facetious sentiments as if they didn't understand what they were saying was calculated to make people laugh. Now, this Roberts, when he was just now singing in his dying scene, why he looked quite doleful, when every one else was laughing; just as those bad players, Foot and Barnes do, in the naughty play of the *Hypocrite*—they look quite stupid, while the audience are all alive with mirth. Simpson didn't do this in Noodle; he looked merry, as he ought." "But all this time you have been mistaken," we observed; "Simpson did not play the part of Noodle, owing to illness; it was Mr. Fisher, and indeed he appeared quite in his element—he was a most respectable Noodle." "Fisher play the part! do you think I don't know Simpson?" said Peanut, "why I sometimes write about him." "Very likely," we observed, "and you are not the first that has written upon subjects without understanding them. The piece, however, has been tolerably well represented. It would have had more justice done it, had Mr. Walstein, as the giantess Glumdalka, and Mrs. Allen, as queen Dollolollolla, preserved more gravity. Miss O. Fisher has appeared really great in the great little Thumb." The bell here rung for the rising of the curtain upon the "Forty Thieves."